

Torrance Herald

Co-Publishers
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THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1962

The Civil Defense Need

Civil defense? How important is it to the future security of the average community in a target area such as Torrance?

These and many other questions revealing the jittery anxieties of some segments of the population have prompted many municipalities to plunge headlong into expensive civil defense projects with built-in overhead that may outlast any American alive today.

Not so long ago bomb shelters were a principal conversational subject and a lot of worried people rushed out to invest in some expensive installations that haven't even weathered the weather. There was some fraud in the bomb shelter promotions but some responsible contractors did work for cautious individuals that certainly has given them some relief from their anxiety and may one day prove of service.

Municipal bomb shelters were in the headlines about a year ago in Torrance and sporadically the subject of a civil defense program pops up on the City Council agenda. Always, it seems, the proponents advocate the creation of a new agency of municipal government, something with which to saddle the poor taxpayer. These proponents usually are sincere in their ideas, but, they are sold so completely themselves that they magnify the need to a point of hysteria.

Recently, City Manager Wade Peebles pointed out to the Torrance City Council members the costly possibilities of just such a proposal. He saw the creation of a department that could very well cost the city some \$25,000 or more a year.

The proposal might have been turned down coldly except for the opposition of Councilman Nick Drahe who suggested the subject of civil defense was important enough to warrant more serious consideration. Another council member and the mayor suggested that the city already had the framework for civil defense in its police and fire departments, two departments that customarily deal with emergency and disaster. The net result tabled action on the appointment of a civil defense director while seeking additional information.

There are still many who believe in an efficient civilian defense organization, irrespective of the cost and regard it as a number one municipal responsibility. The weight of thinking, however, seems to favor the use of already organized city departments aided by volunteers, in furnishing the professional leadership for a permanent CD organization.

Opinions of Others

Indifference of state officials to the slaughter of 38,000 a year on our highways is paving the way to the licensing of drivers by Washington—and traffic enforcement by federal police—Arizona's Paul Fannin has told a conference of Western governors. But Commerce Secretary Hodges hinted at it 'way last winter. If we want a federal police force with national jurisdiction, all we have to do is . . . nothing. If we don't, we'd better crank up our state traffic control machinery and start weeding out unfit drivers. This can only be done by hard-boiled examination and periodic re-examination, both physical and mental. And time is running out.—Jeffersontown (Ky.) Jeffersonian.

Try to be nice to everyone until you have made your first million—after that, they'll be nice to you.—Sikeston (Mo.) Daily Standard.

Morning Report:

When stocks started going down a few weeks ago, we were treated to a lot of expert opinions. Now, the surveys are starting. The New York Stock Exchange reports 17 million Americans are in the market—one out of six adults.

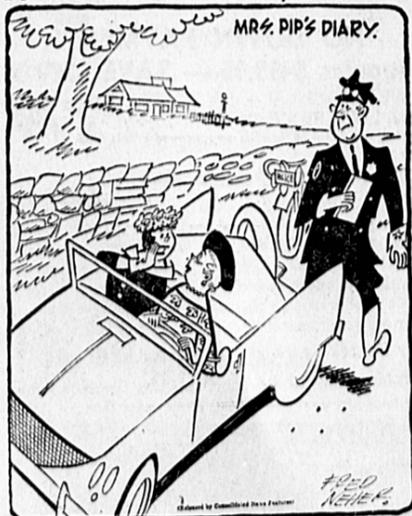
I'm not sure that this explains why prices went down, but at least it proves that worry is widespread.

Billy Rose, the producer, owns 80,000 shares of American Telephone and Telegraph and lost a million bucks on May 28. I suppose if he can take it, any of us who lost less shouldn't be complaining.

Abe Mellinkoff

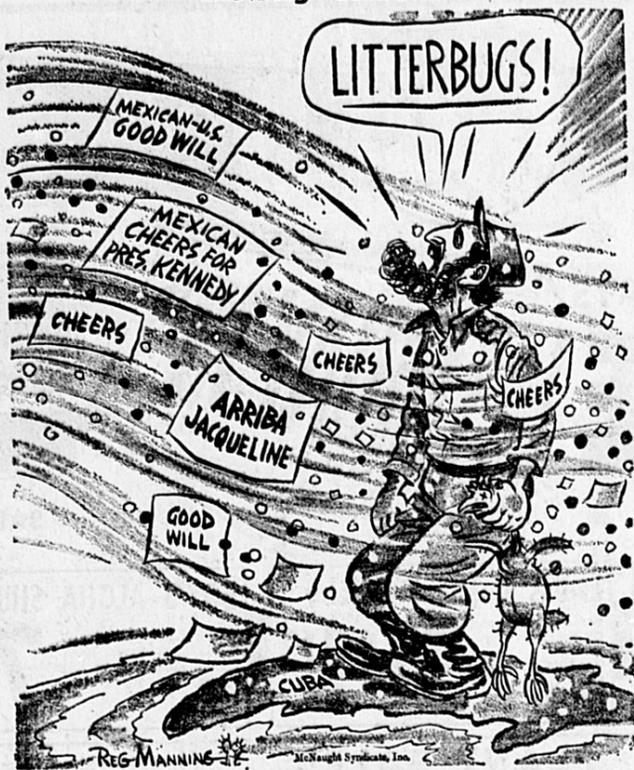
LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"I don't like a troublemaker!"

Blowing Confetti



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

A Hollywood Myth Nears Its Long-Overdue Ending

Word that an uncommonly offensive public personality named Miss Marilyn Monroe is through as professional nuisance value in the films and in the supercharged promotion which has accompanied her dreary exploits and incomparably stupid amours over the years must be hailed with a sigh of relief by quite literally hundreds of millions of people.

This is on the word of Hollywood's most astute and venerated reporter, Mrs. Hedda Hopper. Mrs. Hopper is not only the senior and most sagacious news gatherer along Sunset Boulevard, but her own authority could make or break the miserable Miss Monroe three ways for a dollar, and it is cheery indeed to have her depose with no reservations at all that we will all be hearing less from the press agents that have, with rare expertise and unflinching perseverance, built a Marilyn Monroe myth and body of phony folklore out of nothing at all.

The evidence seems to be that Miss Monroe contracted the most incurable and invariably fatal of all stage diseases; she began believing her own publicity which, with the knowledge and consent of the studios that employed her, gave the world to believe she was not only an incomparable actress, and superb personality, but totally indispensable to the survival and success of the film industry.

The truth of the matter now is generally available; to wit that she would have been professionally a detriment to a production of "The Sins of New York" by the Circleville, Ohio, high school players and that her sole and only assets were a set of mammary glands whose dimensions are a commonplace on every Sicilian mamma visible in the town square on market day. Central casting could have supplied her peers in every dimension and her betters professionally by the vanload at the minimum salary acceptable for speaking parts of Equity.

The long overdue repudiation of Miss Monroe by her disillusioned employers and her relegation to the professional occupation in which she started, posing in the nude for postcard photos, coincides with an almost equally joyous event, the downgrading and beginning of the end for a yahoo named Marlon Brando who is finally coming into his own as the finest flower of exhibitionistic Hollywood phony.

Mr. Brando's conduct, if the hot scoop from Chasen's is to be credited, in the filming of a new version of "Mutiny on the Bounty" where he doubled the estimated cost of production and came close to bankrupting the studio unfortunate

enough to have him on the payroll, has greased the skids for this juvenile incompetent.

Mr. Brando, who is also one of what is delicately referred to as the "emotionally disturbed," i.e. missing some of his marbles, is recalled for his last San Francisco appearance among the juvenile delinquents and creep devotees of the late unlamented Caryl Chessman. Mr. Brando joined the ranks of the black leather jackets and other deranged outside the jail house to pray for Mr. Chessman's life in strictest anonymity, and practically incognito except for the fact that his selfless devotion to humanity was advertised by his personal press agent to every city desk, columnist and photographic editor in town.

Still a third liability to the acting profession, Elizabeth Taylor, who is so convinced of her own seductive charms that she seldom bothers to appear before the cameras at all, is another of the expensive Hollywood investments who is slated for silence. Her insistence on playing the role of Cleopatra in half of the night clubs of Europe instead of on the film set as intended by her principals has put the Indian sign on Miss Taylor and an already stupefied public will in the near future be hearing no more of her either.

These are some of the brightest, indeed most radiantly hopeful bits of Holly-

wood scuttlebutt in recent years. They probably spell the end of the preposterous star system everywhere in the film industry and the studios that have escaped bankruptcy through the agency of the Mesdames Taylor and Monroe and Mons. Brando will revert to making pictures with incomparably better professional talent at a top salary of \$200 a week.

While brushing aside a furtive tear for the 20th Century-Fox and Darryl Zanuck, it must in justice be remarked that the studios brought this pestilence of arrogant incompetence on themselves. Only in Hollywood does the delusion persist in the face of universal experience to the contrary that it is possible to manufacture silk purses out of a sow's ears and that a bus boy at the Brown Derby is tomorrow's Salvini the Younger. The truth of this simple folk maxim has had to be learned by Hollywood, in keeping with its flair for the grand manner, at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars.

The star system has accomplished the approximate bankruptcy of a not inconsiderable industry because of the naive belief that stars can be created at will by the publicity department without the slightest vestigial trace of material to work with. All the studios got for their money was gold bricks made without straw.

ROYCE BRIER

Don't Get Too Excited Over Promised Tax Cut

Some months ago when you paid your income tax—whether \$500 or \$5,000 or \$50,000—you thought it was a jolt.

It really wrecked the old check book. You thought how nice it would be to have skipped it, or to have picked up the tab for a tenth of it, as in the old days.

The corporations had to scrounge, too. They have long sent letters to stockholders hinting at cramped dividends, and how in Utopia they could have poured all that moola into capital investment, creating jobs.

So when the President of the United States and the several congressmen say "tax cut," the words have a lilt, an appeal, like the voice of a beloved. They also have a magnified sound, like a soft voice in a loudspeaker coming out a happy thunder.

But don't let the lilt and the magnification fool you,

because they really aren't going to cut your individual taxes by anything you'll notice much, next January 1, or in the years to come.

You'll hardly get a new dishwasher out of what the Washington boys will save you, or in that fifty-thousand bracket, a fresh Continental. Say you paid \$500 in April, what will you do with the \$25 or \$35 cut—take off for the fleshpots of Rome for a fortnight? Replace the 1953 crate and hypo the national economy?

Just as Mr. Kennedy said, it's all tied up with economy, with the \$570 billion gross product goal, not to mention inflation, security, profits, employment and such precious generalities. But it's not just tied, it's cemented in that \$80-odd billion budget, and all the little budgets, and bond interest and other taxes. And none of it will diminish in your time.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Fallout's Okay Until It Interferes With Our TV

I doubt if people will worry much about fallout until it interferes with their TV set.

The best proof that appearances are deceiving is that the present dollar looks the same as 10 years ago.

The Constitution also gives the citizen the right to be left alone . . . to make his own choices.

When Uncle Sam plays Santa Claus, it's YOU who holds the bag.

Anyone who is not happy living in America would not be happy living in heaven.

Labor unions have helped labor to important gains . . . but in the process destroyed the necessity that a man do a good day's work to hold a job.

The sweetest music is not through instruments or symphonies, but through an individual's spoken words. This virtue is being taken from us, too, through "groupitis." Too much group thinking and planning and talking, and not enough individual thinking and talking.

It is not possible to have selfish politicians and good government at the same time.

No politician, who has not worked for a living or signed his own payroll, should have the right to spend other people's money. A millionaire in high office is not attached to the dollar, like the man who has to sweat to earn it.

Union leaders should tell their members that capital represents the labor, gamble and sacrifice of other working men to make their jobs possible.

A true liberal is one who hates monopoly in unions, governments . . . as well as corporations.

"Half is better than none" cannot be applied to friendship or love . . . for the absence of the other half nullifies the half we have.

That life begins at 40 was confirmed again . . . this time by Colonel Glenn who orbited the earth at 40.

Success is always for sale

Quote

"Out of the mouths of children come words we adults should never have said." — Lee Call, After (Wyo.) Star Valley Independent.

"How does the good wife manage to keep a thumb on those long fingernails?" — Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Putnam County Graphic.

"The huge national debt our younger generation will inherit should keep them from one indulgence—ancestor worship."—Stanley W. Olsen, Winnebago (Minn.) Enterprise.

... it's the price that stops many people.

College education is way overrated by society. It's not whether a student went through college—but whether college went through him.

When the salary of the professor of academic subjects surpasses the salary of the professor of football . . . we'll be getting somewhere with our education potential.

Taxpayers nationally are revolting against passage of school bonds, a survey reveals, because . . . "too many millions are being wasted on little used stadiums . . . inefficient use of classroom by summer vacations . . . 18-hour-a-week college classes . . . spreading out campuses on expensive land instead of building two-story high schools . . . plus frills, frolic galore on the campus."

It's capital . . . not labor . . . that is the creative force of capitalism.

Wisdom teaches that the most we can expect of life is a draw. To expect more is the height of conceit against human nature.

You never really know a person until bad news or humiliation strikes—or until you observe their behavior in a divorce court.

Americans are the most

romantic people in the world . . . it's the French and the Latins who are the most realistic and practical in love.

The problems of alcoholism and tobacco addiction would take no longer for the individual to overcome than it takes to stop thinking of them as a pleasure, but as harmful.

If we were wise enough to learn from the experience of others, there wouldn't be much of anything else for us to learn for ourselves.

If animals could learn to talk, they would be as difficult to get along with as people.

I saw an old movie, where the Indian skinned his enemy . . . these days the white man is known to skin his friends.

The best way to get even with people is to select those who helped you most.

A truly understanding person doesn't really see with the eyes . . . but with the heart.

The average fellow picks a girl about the way an orange picks a tree.

When a thought or an idea takes one's breath away . . . it is the height of impertinence for someone to suggest it was ungrammatically stated.

Our Man Hoppe

Surplus Stock Silos Proposed

Art Hoppe

As a holder of one share of Gen Mot pf, I wish to complain that the stock market still seems to be "psychologically correcting itself." Which means going down. And what I and my fellow capitalists want to know is: Who in Washington is doing anything about it? No one, that's who. No one but Mr. I. F. Stone.

Mr. I. F. Stone is the editor and publisher, appropriately enough, of I. F. Stone's Weekly, a free-thinking publication dedicated to the principle that Washington is usually out of its collective mind. And huzza for Mr. I. F. Stone, say I.

Mr. Stone came out recently with an editorial headed: "Our Solution for the Stock Market." And just in the nick of time, too. His solution being: "to apply to stock speculation the same principles we use in agriculture: That is, a system of support prices for surplus crops which would otherwise have to be sold at distress levels."

Says Mr. Stone gravely: "It would be cheaper to pour a few billion dollars quickly into the stock market now, farm relief style, than to allow it to trigger a panicky slump in business at home and abroad." Very true.

Under Mr. Stone's system, when the price of, say, AT&T falls below the support level, the distressed holder of AT&T can simply trot down to the Treasury Department with his stock certificates and turn them in for cash. Which will relieve his distress quicker than Pepto-Bismol.

This will, of course, lead to the building of huge silos in which to store these surplus stock certificates. But this will be a shot in the arm to many American industries, such as—well—the silo building industry for one.

Demands will be made in Congress that Something Be Done. So a system of Quota Allotments will be set up, under which stockbrokers will be paid for not issuing new stocks. And perhaps even ploughing some, like IBM, under. This won't, naturally, work. But it will make stockbrokers happier and thus insure Mr. Kennedy the Stockbroker Vote. Which at the moment he doesn't seem to have.

As our stockpile of surplus stocks mounts, every Congressman will make a speech demanding Something Else Be Done. But no Congressman will vote to do anything for fear of alienating the Stockbroker Vote.

Thus inevitably we will be forced to institute a Stocks for Peace Program, whereby we ship our surplus stock certificates overseas to our less fortunate brethren. This is the grandest idea yet. For if it's true, as everybody says, that it's difficult to interest a man in democracy until you fill his belly, I've always felt it must be even more difficult to interest him in capitalism until you fill his pocket.

Or, as Mr. Stone so ringingly puts it: "Win the Zulu to free enterprise forever with a share of Standard Oil (N. J.)!"

Of course, this total victory over communism abroad will mean added burdens here at home. Such as more Quota Certificates, Allotment Control Agreements and probably another Billie Sol Estes. Not to mention conducting our annual stockholders' meeting in Swahili.

But I say what's good enough for the farmers is good enough for us capitalists. Besides, compared to our Farm Program, it makes good sense to me. Not the stock market. Swahili.